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THE
HELL-FIRE-CLUB:

KEPT BY A

1077. 12

SOCIETY
OF
BLASPHEMERS.

A

SATYR.

Most humbly inscrib'd to the
Right Honourable *Thomas* Baron *Mac-*
clesfield, Lord High-Chancellor of
Great Britain.

With the King's Order in Council, for
suppressing IMMORALITY and
Prophaneness.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford-Arms* in
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SOCIETY

OF

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SATUR.

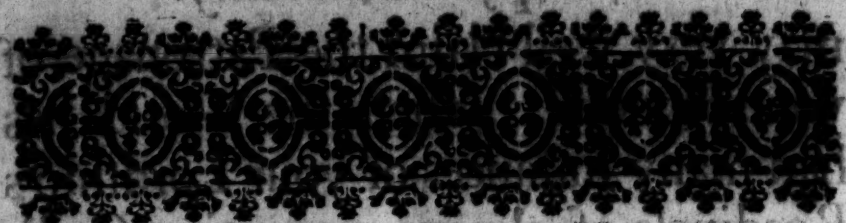


I have humbly intreated to the
Right Honourable Thomas Baron Viscount
Dartmouth, Lord High-Chancellor of
Great Britain, to
give the King's Order in Council, for
suppressing IMMORALITY and
Prophaneness.

L O N D O N

Printed by J. G. & Co. at the Office of the
Lord High-Chancellor, in the Strand.
(Printed by J. G. & Co.)

The Right Honourable



TO

The Right Honourable

THOMAS

Baron MACCLESFIELD, Lord
High-Chancellor of Great
Britain.

MY LORD,



AS it is the Royal Pleasure of
his Majesty, (who is a true
Judge of Men of the greatest
Merit for his Services) to
honour your Lordship with the Au-
thority, of calling together the Justices
of the Peace, for suppressing those Blas-
phemous Clubs, which are now kept
in the Cities of London and Westminster,
and the Suburbs adjacent, this Satyr

A 2

may

The Epistle Dedicatory.

may very well claim the Patronage of your Honour; when the World has had many Instances of your Lordship's Readiness of always promoting God's Glory; studying the Interest of the King, and maintaining the Liberty and Property of your Country, in Opposition to all the Adherents of a *Romish Pretender*.

The following Matter was wrote *Ex-tempore*, so if any Foible should appear in the Performance, 'tis humbly begg'd of your Lordship to excuse it; if but upon the account the Author was in haste to lash such a Society of Men, Men do I call 'em? Beasts I mean, who durst presume to affront in a Bravado that Divine Majesty, in whose Power it lies to cut them off in the twinckling of an Eye, and punish their Audaciousness with Eternal Damnation.

One of these Infernal Meetings is impiously called the *Hell-Fire-Club*, a Name very suitable to their Diabolical Manners; but it being a Subject almost
pro-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

profane to talk of such vile Wretches;
give me Permission to conclude, to
wish your Lordship Health and Pro-
sperity in this World, with eternal Fe-
licity in that to come ; so I presume to
subscribe my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble Servant,

To Command,

R. B.



KING's ORDER.

At the Court of St. James's, the 28th
Day of April, 1721. Present the
King's Most Excellent Majesty in
Council.



*I S^t Majesty have received Infor-
mation, which gives great Rea-
son to suspect that there have late-
ly been and still are, in and about the Cities
of London and Westminster, certain scan-
dalous Clubs or Societies of young Persons
who meet together, and in the most impious
and blasphemous Manner, insult the most
sacred Principles of our Holy Religion, af-
front Almighty God himself, and corrupt
the Minds and Morals of one another;
and being resolved to make use of all the
Authority committed to him by Almighty
God, to punish such enormous Offenders,
and to crush such shocking Impieties before
they*

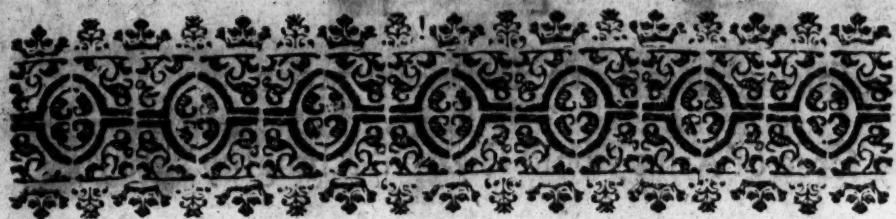
THE KING'S ORDER

they increase and draw down the Vengeance of God upon this Nation: His Majesty hath thought fit to command the Lord Chancellor, and his Lordship is hereby required to call together his Majesty's Justices of the Peace of Middlesex and Westminster, and strictly to enjoin them, in the most effectual Manner, that they, and every of them, do make the most diligent and careful Enquiry and Search for the Discovery of any thing of this and of the like sort, tending in any wise to the Corruption of the Principles and Manners of Men, and to lay before his Lordship such Discoveries as from time to time may be made, to the end that all proper Methods may be taken for the utter Suppression of all such detestable Practices. His Lordship is farther directed to urge them to the due Execution of their Office, in detecting and prosecuting with Vigour all Profaneness, Immorality and Debauchery, as they value the Blessing of Almighty God, as they regard the Happiness of their Country, which cannot subsist if things Sacred and Virtuous are trampled upon, and as they
tender

The King's ORDER.

tender his Majesty's Favour, to which they cannot recommend themselves more effectually, than by shewing the utmost Zeal upon so important an Occasion; to which end his Lordship is to acquaint them, that as his Majesty for himself hath nothing more at Heart than to regard the Honour of God, so impiously struck at, and is determined to shew all Marks of Displeasure and Discouragement to any who lie even under the Suspicion of such Practices; so he shall always account it the greatest and most substantial Service they can do to his Majesty or his Government, to exert themselves in discovering any who are guilty of such Impieties, that they may be openly prosecuted and punished with the utmost Severity and most publick Ignominy which the Laws of the Land can inflict.

Edward Southwell.



T H E

Hell-Fire CLUB:

K E P T B Y



A Society of B L A S P H E M E R S.



O D! great and just, omnipotent and high,

Is there no Vengeance kept above the Sky?

No Thunderbolts, no Lightning fierce to fall

Upon the Convex of this sinful Ball?

That Part of it, which we *Great-Britain* stile,

A goodly, but as much pernicious Isle,

Where the Contempt of human Insolence,

Insults thy Glory, and thy Providence.

A Day before the World received Light,

From *Chaos*, and the Womb of sable Night,

B

Conspiring

Conspiring Angels, to Rebellion prone,
 By force of Arms would seize th' Almighty's Throne;
 Proud *Lucifer* revolving Spirits led,
 And fills the bright *Empyrean* with Dread,
 Whilst his Apostate Troops for War prepare,
 And to the Field their great *Creator* dare.
 This bold Attempt, for Sovereignty inflam'd,
 A Civil War in *Paradise* proclaim'd,
 Whilst blessed Angels, of their own accord,
 Were quickly ready to defend their Lord;
 And as the trayterous Hosts the Camp alarm,
 They summon'd all but *Deity* to arm.
 Battalions fierce Battalions do engage,
 And Squadrons against Squadrons shew their rage;
 Disorder triumphs, and Confusions fly
 Above the Turrets of the limpid Sky;
 So fierce the Battle was, so fierce the Foes,
 Whose Valour strove each other to oppose,

That

That the Success of Vic'try neuter flood,
 'Till all the Plains seem'd dy'd with Angels Blood.
 But the Almighty Ruler urg'd to see
 Created Beings snatch at Majesty,
 The Voice of Thunder from his Mouth proceeds,
 And damns 'em all for their ambitious Deeds.

These sad, celestial Ruins to repair,
 God made refined Clay his Image bear ;
 Producing from Man's Side a beauteous Wife,
 Partner of Bliss, and of immortal Life.
 In pleasant *Eden* plac'd the marry'd Pair,
 To worship him in Offerings and Pray'r,
 Till such a Change (which was no Slave to Fate,
 As yet unborn) their Persons did translate,
 To that eternal Residence above,
 Where Peace triumphs in everlasting Love.
 But *Satan* envying Man's immortal Life,
 His blessed State, and Comforts of a Wife,

The *Serpent's* Shape his Malice takes, and roves
 Thro' the *Meanders* of the hallow'd Groves,
 Till he had found out too believing *Eve*,
 Whom his Revenge had study'd to deceive.
 Twisting his circling Trunk about a Tree,
 Forbidden Fruit he tafts immediately,
 Persuading her, if she would pluck and eat,
 She'd be translated to a better Seat;
 Become a Goddess equal to the God
 That aw'd her Longing with his threatning Rod;
 She'd never taft the Cup of Death, but he
 Proclaim'd the Queen of Immortality.
 These golden Promises allur'd Desire,
 And *Eve* for Godhead quickly did aspire;
 She pluckt and eat, and pluckt and eat again,
 In hopes that Angels might support her Train;
 And that she might not by herself be shamn'd,
 For Company she had her Husband damn'd;

By

By 'nticing him, with am'ours Charms, to tast
 The Fruit which wou'd their endless Blessings blast.
 But they no sooner had defil'd the Tree,
 Forewarn'd to be touch'd by *Deity*,
 E'er he expell'd 'em from a blessed State,
 As Rivals which wou'd Godhead emulate.
 Too late the fallen Pair mourn their **Mistake**,
 And rove the Earth that's curst for their fake;
 Too soon they sacrific'd their Progeny,
 To divers Sorrows, Griefs, and Misery;
 For on the Surface of this earthly Stage,
 Famine, Sword, Fire, and Pestilence did rage:
 And when the Course of Nature claim'd their Breath,
 Victims they basely fell to *Sin* and *Death*.

Still Wickedness usurp'd the infant World,
 Till Wrath Divine upon Mankind was hurl'd,
 By drowning all (except one chosen Eight,
 Preserved in an Ark to propagate)

In such a terrible and dreadful Flood,
Which bore a crimson Dye of human Blood.

Again excessive was th' inglorious Lust,
That made the filthy *Sodomites* accurst;

It egg'd 'em on so much to slight the Rod

Of an All-seeing and most Jealous God,

That in Conjunction they did strive to join

With Substances Ethereal and Divine;

As if it was their Thoughts to get a Race

Of Demi-Gods to guard that cursed Place,

Which was by *Jesus*, who gives Judgment, doom'd

To be with Hail of sulph'rous Flames consum'd,

A *Mongibel* did Fire curst *Sodom* make,

And turn Five Cities to a noisome Lake.

Can't these Examples modern Vices quel,

And keep 'em in their native Orb of Hell?

Not Myriads of angelick Rebels sent

To suffer an eternal Punishment?

Not

Not our first Parents *Fall*, whose sinful State,
 None but a dying *God* cou'd expiate?
 Not the Destruction of the solid World,
 When Floods from Heav'n were on its Surface hurl'd?
 Nor burning Cities when in Ashes laid,
 Made the Survivors of *God's* Wrath afraid?
 Good *God*! what Impudence invades the Sense
 Of Wretches, since the loss of Innocence?
 By obstinate, and dull Simplicity,
 To second Childhood Man's reduc'd we see,
 Or else the *Atheist* needs must be to blame,
 And add Confusion to his blushing shame,
 In holding *Fortune*, *Nature*, *Chance* or *Fate*,
 Which are but Names of Things Inanimate,
 Did from the Globe, whose Workmanship is rare,
 And hangs on *Nothing*, in the limpid Air:
 The daily Courses of the *Moon*, the *Sun*,
 And twinkling *Stars*, which orderly do run,
 Do

Do shew to any Man, of solid Sense,
 That they be govern'd all by *Providence*,
 The Instrument of *Elohim* above,
 That's fixt to an eternal Chain of Love.
 Behold when Thunder bellows thro' the Sky,
 From Causes only nat'ral *Atheists* fly ;
 And when the bitter Cup of Death one drinks,
 How *Nature* at the Thoughts of parting shrinks !
 Trembles, wax pale, weeps, sighs, laments and pines,
 To see the stroke that must his *Exit* sign :
 Yet when in Health they Laugh at the Decree
 Which dooms a period to Mortality,
 As thinking Death will them annihilate,
 And so affirm there is no future State.
 But now suppose upon this icy Shore,
 Death wafts us, and our Beings are no more,
 What Prejudice is Virtue to the Mind,
 When for our Vices earthly Plagues we find ?

Gibbets and Halters are the Recompence,
When Laws are trampled on by Insolence.

If *God's* Indulgence and his Mercies are
Dispos'd the Wicked longer Time to spare,
For true Repentance, but refuse the Grace
Which may retrieve the worst of human Race;
Can such expect in Sin to revel still,
And disobey their Holy Maker's Will,
Without provoking Justice to a Frown,
And on th' Offenders Judgments flinging down?
Our Country's ripe for Vengeance, ripe for all
The Plagues which can upon a Sinner fall;
So to prevent the Ills which seem to bode
The just Displeasure of an angry God,
With pointed *Satyr*, I'll attempt to dare
The wicked Age, if not to bold to fear,
From running to Damnation out of Pride,
If lashing *Satyr's* not by them defy'd.

No *Heliconian* Muses I invoke,
 To give deformed Vice the fatal Stroke,
 On Earth my *Muses* Fire, and War shall be,
 The Plague of People cheated in *South-Sea*,
Goals, *Famine*, *Murrain*, and impetuous *Floods*,
 Destroying Bodies with their floating Goods,
 And *Poverty* among 'em quickly wait
 Upon the dreadful Horrors of that Fate
 Which was upon the *Egyptian* Nation driv'n,
 When *Pharaoh* brav'd th' Omnipotence Heav'n,
 For then the destroying Angel from on high
 Flew charg'd with all the Terrors of the Sky,
 On a proud pointed Pyramid he stood,
 And from the King to Slave requiring Blood,
 Let loose the Pestilence, describ'd its Road,
 And breath'd out all the Vengeance of his God.
 Arm'd with these Weapons, War I do proclaim
 Against the Wretch who'd get by Sin a Name :
 Now

Now, like a *Porcupine*, I'll dart my Pen
 Against the worst, the very worst of Men,
 Those Men who of the *Hell-Fire-Club* will be
 Infernal Members, where, in Jollity,
 Each Man strives who in Sin shall most abound,
 And fills his Mouth with Oaths of dreadful Sound;
 Each Member's Glory is to be prophane,
 By taking God's all-sacred Name in vain.
 Religion is their Scorn, foul Vice their Pride,
 The *Clergy* is their Subject to deride;
Virtue's discountenanced by these Beasts,
 Whose revelling at *Bacchanalian* Feasts,
 Makes them, when Fumes of Wine in Brains abound,
 Think, like *Copernicus*, the Earth turns round;
 Then, then how they the *Christian* Faith revile,
 And at their execrable Actions smile;
 But here their curst Profaneness do's not end,
 The Empire of the Devil to defend,

They go upon the diabolick Theme
 Of striving who their God shall most blaspheme,
 From whence the *Arrians* we suppose to be
 Deriv'd, to ridicule the *Trinity*.
 If they can thus blaspheme their God, their King
 They'll also strike with their blaspheming Sting,
 Doubtless the Villains wou'd rejoice to see,
 Rebellion get the best of Loyalty;
 But durst not raise the Feuds Allegiance hates,
 For fear their Limbs shou'd mount the City Gates.

Hanging they dread, but damning do desire,
 King's human fearing more than God on high;
 And *Scriptures* they meer Fables think to be,
 Because those Punishments they do not see,
 Which are reserv'd in the Abyss of Hell,
 For those that must in endless Torments dwell;
 Alas! no Nation in the World can give
 More wicked Men than this wherein we live;
 This

This Realm wherein Vice more securely lies,
 All Kingdoms in the Universe despise;
 Because the Rigour of our *British* Laws,
 With negligence defends our Maker's Cause.

Among the *Turks* 'tis capital to say
Mahomet's Precepts they will not obey;
 In *China* too they are as strict, and seek
 Their Blood who do against their Idols speak:

If Pagans then, and Infidels can be
 So cruel for their gross Idolatry,
 It us behoves to have as strict a Hand
 Upon the impious Wretches of our Land,
 Who base Dishonour on that Power throws,
 Which all the Secrets of his Creatures knows.

'Tis true, our King endeavours to suppress
 The spreading Evil of this Wickedness,
 Which dares th' Almighty to the open Field,
 And wou'd Perdition suffer e'er they yield

To

To that Obedience which will gain a Crown,
 Of endless Glory, Honour and Renown,
 Ye Magistrates, and Judges of the Realm,
 Whilst this your pious Monarch sits at Helm,
 Assert the Power which ye represent,
 By giving Criminals due Punishment,
 Since 'tis their Pride their Vices shou'd out-brave
 The Terrours of Damnation, and the Grave,
 T' affront the Goodness of that Majesty
 For Love of which we Martyrs ought to Die.
 In Judgment be severe, as bravely swift
 For Execution ; unrelenting lift
 The Sword of Justice, to cut off the Scall
 When Clemency can't otherwise controul.
 Ye Levites too, no longer vainly teach
 Dull Politicks, but all the People teach
 Christ crucify'd, Faith, Love, and Charity,
 What Blessings are, and what God's Curses be,
 Their

Their Duty to'ards God, Neighbour, and their King
 Explain ; then may their be some hopes to bring
 A stubborn Generation to relent,
 And of their Sins with *Nineveh* repent.
 The Difference shew 'twixt Virtue and foul Vice,
 How one gains Hell, the other *Paradise* ;
 But if without Remorse they'll still sin on
 Regardless of the Precepts from the Throne,
 The Bar, and Pulpit, then with Patience wait
 The sudden Judgments which may scourge the State,
Marsellian Plagues may soon attack our Isle,
 Where such Abominations us defile ;
 For when all Vices overflow the Land,
 Much longer it's impossible to stand ;
 Except th' Almighty's Mercies interpose
 Betwixt his Wrath our Sins, forsake of those
 Few Righteous who do now among us dwell,
 So out of Pity drives us not to Hell.

F I N I S.

Their Day to ends God's Kingdom, and their King
Explain; then may each be found hopes to bring
A happy Generation to relate,
And of their Sins with Mercy repeat.
The Difference show 'twixt Virtue and bad Vice,
How one gains Hell, the other Paradise;
But without Remorse they'll fill in on
Regarding of the Prospects the Throne,
The Bar, and Pulpit, then Patience wait
The sudden Judgments which may scourge the State,
Malignant Plagues may soon attack our Life,
Where God's Abominations us deale;
For when all Vices overflow the Land,
Much longer it's impossible to stand;
Except the Almighty's Mercies interpose
Between us Virtue and Sin, for sake of those
Few Righteous who do now among us dwell,
So out of Fire drives us not to Hell.



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